

# Glasgow Weekly Times.

CLARK H. GREEN:

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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Glasgow, Nov. 15, 1849.—37—1y.

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St. Louis, January 17, 1850.—1y—

## THE TIMES

### CALIFORNIA LETTER.

WEVERVILLE, Cal., July 8, 1850.

As to the difficulties, hardships, dangers, &c., to be encountered on the Plains, they depend pretty much on the outfit, mode of travelling, and temperament of the individual. While some consider it a pleasant trip, the most of men think they have accomplished more than an Alexander or a Napoleon. I will not at this time attempt to give you my notions about what I think the best kind of an outfit, mode of travelling &c., for they consist of so many little things that they would fill a volume, besides I don't imagine that you think much of ever coming that route. As for myself, and eighteen twentieths of those who made the trip—nothing but want of funds to take us by the Isthmus would ever induce us to make it again—yet owing to my superior outfit and manner of travelling I had a comparatively easy time of it. Well you know what my outfit was, and if I was to come again I would not vary much from it, only in having every thing from the picket pin to wagon and team of the very best that could be had, and as for provisions, enough for the trip, with a little to spare starving emigrants, if necessary. Last year emigrants started with too many provisions and other things; after finding this out they threw away more than was necessary, and some of them had not enough to last them through. This error caused this year's emigration to fall into the other extreme and not start with enough—consequently there has already been some, and will yet be a great amount of suffering among them.

The first emigrants from Salt Lake, this season, got in about the 20th ult. They had been detained beyond the Sierra by the deep snow. On the 27th, the first company arrived from the States, and they have been coming in every day since. They say the snow is still deep and it was very difficult to cross the mountains. The only person I know of, of those I've seen, was A. D. Rock, of Carroll; he made the trip in 68 days—has gone to digging. You wish to know what would be profitable to bring across the plains. I can think of no other than shoes and good coarse boots, long in the leg. They are always in demand and command good prices. Boots retail here at this time from \$16 to 20 per pair and are worth from \$14 to 16 per doz in the City—in the winter season they will be higher. The prices of most other articles are constantly varying; sometimes extremely high and again quite low, prices being governed by the immediate supply and demand. For instance—Tobacco, which has been as low as 5 or 6 cts per lb. is now worth from 75 cts to \$1; Coffee has risen from 16 to 90 cts; half gallon Pitchers—(although Queensware is generally moderate enough for Cal.) is selling for \$16 per pair. Fortunes might have been made on Saddlers Tacks, a short time since, they sold from \$2 to 3 per paper, at this time they can be had for less than \$12 per doz. assorted at that—some sizes being worth more than others. This article is used by every body; either about his gold washer, boots, or shanty; owing to scarcity at this time, mottled Fossils bring \$5 to 6 a piece. Long handled steel blade shovels \$16. Lumber sold last year at 75 cts per foot, now it is worth 10 cts. Shingles last fall were from \$60 to 80 per M—they can be had for \$8 or 10; and so on with other articles. The above are Sacramento wholesale prices,—of course in the mines they are higher.

In reply to your "secondly" I would say that the "Prospect in the mines" don't turn out so well as is generally anticipated. I do not believe that there has been enough Gold taken out this year, thus far, to pay for the provisions, goods &c., consumed in the Country. The rivers are still high and likely to remain so for some time yet, and it is impossible to do so much on them until they are at their lowest stage. The "dry diggings" have been pretty well

worked out and those that have not, can't be worked now for want of water. Men have watched their claims—doing nothing—waiting for the water to fall, for months, till they have spent all they had previously made and gone in debt for provisions to live on. Some had returned here after an absence of three Month prospecting, all over and far beyond the Mining region, without making a cent, but have spent all they had and have come back with the expectation of making a raise at places they had left for better Mines. Thousands, yes, millions of dollars have been spent in digging and blasting ditches, making Hoses, building aqueducts and dams to turn the streams, so that their beds could be worked; some may 'pay' well, others are certain to be a losing business. Dear creek was turned not long since for a distance of five miles, by means of a race cut through the solid rock for a good part of the distance; the bed of the stream has been tried all the way and but one claim found to "pay."

Humbogger is rife, and humbugs of the speculating genus succeed better here than anywhere else, the great Benton Rail Road not excepted. Not long since a great "Golden Lake" was discovered on some one of the head branches of the Yuba, and all who were able to make outfits in the region where the excitement was raised, packed up to have a share in the "Pound diggins." Their guide having deserted them, they returned, of course, without finding the place. But the first explosion was not enough the excitement was raised again, and again for the third time, renewed. The dupes found plenty of Lakes but no golden one. This was a speculation of mule traders, for mules rose from \$80 to \$400.

Henry and James are at work 3 or 4 miles down Weber creek. They have both together since 18th April dug over \$1000, and out of it spent something over \$200. Woodson and other men are now working with them, they have fell off considerable the last three weeks from their former average which was about an ounce per day.

Yours, &c.  
THOS. S. DONOHUE.  
Dr. T. N. COCKERILL.  
Glasgow.

### SELECTIONS FOR A NEWS-PAPER.

Most people think the selection of suitable matter for a newspaper the easiest part of the business. How great an error. It is by all means the most difficult. To look over and over hundreds of exchange papers every week, from which to select enough for one, especially when the question is not what shall, but what shall not be selected, is no easy task. If every person who reads a newspaper could have edited it, we should hear less complaints. Not unfrequently is it the case, that an editor looks over all his exchange papers for something interesting, and can absolutely find nothing. Every paper is dryer than a contribution box; and yet something must be had—his paper must come out with something in it, and he does the best he can. To an editor who has the least care about what he selects, the writing that he has to do is the easiest part of the labour. Every subscriber thinks the paper printed for his own benefit, and if there is nothing in it that suits him, it must be stopped—it is good for nothing. Just as many subscribers as an editor may have, so many tastes he has to consult. One wants something smart; another something sound. One likes anecdotes, fun and frolic, and the next door neighbor wonders that a man of sense will put such stuff in his paper. Something sly comes out and the editor is a blackguard. Next comes something argumentative, and the editor is a dull fool. And so, between them all, you see, the poor fellow gets roughly handled. And yet to ninety-nine out of a hundred these things do not occur. They never reflect that what does not please them may please the next man; but they insist that if the paper may not suit them, it is good for nothing.—Vermont Patriot.

### HOW JENNY LOOKS.

A letter in the Philadelphia North American, gives the following description of the "Nightingale."

Miss Lind is slightly above the medium height; and in our own plain vernacular, would be called plump. Her complexion is very fair, her features large, without being coarse, and her hair of a light brown color. She wore a white cambric muslin dress, richly trimmed with lace, cut high in the neck and fastened at the throat with a massive gold button, full as large as a half eagle. The only ornament she wore was a diamond ring, apparently of great value. At first sight, and after a few minutes' conversation, you would take her to be one of our hearty, healthy girls of Berks or Lancaster county—rather plain, verging an old maidism, and good-natured; but soon these impressions pass away; and as her countenance lights up in smiles, and her clear blue eyes sparkle with delight—for she is very excitable—you are ready to admit that she is one of the most intellectual and lovable girls you ever saw. Her manners are wholly free from the slightest restraint; and if she is not a simple, true, and warm-hearted child of nature, then she is the most consummate actress that ever wretched the world. All agree that you cannot remain in her company twenty minutes without really loving her; but it is that species of love which even husbands can indulge in without any loss of allegiance to their orthodox mates.

ANOTHER REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER GONE.—Died, in Clay county, Mo., on the 1st day of September, at the advanced age of 100 years, Mr. ROBERT BURNSIDES, a soldier of the Revolutionary War. Mr. Burnsides was born in N. Carolina in the year 1750, emigrated to Kentucky at an early day; made that state his home for many years; and removed to Missouri about 8 years ago. He was highly esteemed as an honest man, by all who knew him. Peace to his remains. A few more years, and none of that patriotic band who faced British balls and bayonets will be seen amongst us.

### LITTLE GRAVES.

Sacred places for pure thoughts and holy meditations are the little graves in the Church yard. They are the depositories of mother's sweetest joys—half unconscious buds of innocence—humanity nipped by the first frost of time, ere yet a single canker worm of pollution had nestled among its embryo petals. Callous indeed must be the heart of him who can stand by a little grave side, and not have the holiest emotions of the soul awakened to the thoughts of that purity and joy which belong alone to God and Heaven; for the mute preacher at his feet tells him of life begun and life ended, without a stain; and surely if this be vouchsafed to mortality, how much purer and holier must be the spiritual land, enlightened by the sun of infinite goodness, whence emanated the soul, brief young sojourner among us! How swells the heart of parent with mournful joy, while standing by the cold earth bed of lost little ones! Mournful because that precious treasure glitters in the diadem of the Redeemer.

MEN OF THE TIMES.—Give us a man who is up to the spirit of the age—an active man, one who has a steam engine in him, a man of quick ideas and quick motions. Away with your dull, lazy, plodding, snail-gait man who performs in a day the work of only an hour.—"Go ahead, is the true motto. This is an age of railways, steam and telegraphs—an age unit for plodding men and slow coaches. Think quick—talk quick—eat quick—walk quick—act quick. Fix your eye upon an object and spring at the mark at once. Don't dally on the way and linger and lounge as if you were half asleep. Up and at it like a snapping turtle.

CREDITORS never annoy a man as long as he is getting up in the world. A man of wealth only pays his butcher once a year. Let bad luck overtake him, and his meat bill will come in every morning as regular as breakfast and hungry children. Again we say, never plead guilty to poverty.—So far as this world is concerned, you might better admit that you are a scoundrel.

### LEMUEL, THE AVENGER—A NOVEL-TIE.

BY GEORGE LIPSALVE.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### The Young Maiden and the old House.

A lovely maiden sitting on the steps of an old house! An old house that had withstood the storms and tempests of a century! and a young maiden of scarce twenty-five summers! An old house and a young maiden!

#### CHAPTER II.

##### Jemina—the Maiden.

Tall and slender in her form! Tall and slender like the pole that bears the slender hay! Like uncombed flax is her hair falling in beautiful confusion on her freckled shoulders! Like lightning bugs do her small grey eyes flash beneath their thin arches! A beautiful pug is her nose! Her twin breasts heave beneath her calico gown. Like a pair of blacksmith's bellows, do they heave! And beneath them beats her little gizzard! It beats, and struggles, and thumps like "somebody knocking at the door!"

#### CHAPTER III.

##### The Lane.

Hal seel through yonder lane—on one side a fence of stumps of the lofty pine and of the wide spreading oak! On the other, an ancient wall of moss-covered stone!—surmounted by a rail of wood. The lane, if followed through its tortuous, conducts to Deacon Pettingale's pasture land! Hal! through the long, sandy, rocky lane comes a youth!

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### Lemuel, the Youth.

The youth advancing through the sandy lane is the lover of the maiden—of the maiden of the flaxen hair, and the flashing grey eyes. He is a noble youth, and stout! His open, scowling brow, is shaded by a hat wrought from the broad leaves of the palm tree! 'Twas once new and whole, but now ancient and rent in many places! His sturdy nether limbs are encased in trousers of tow—upheld by straps of list! His shirt—ha! the tall and slender maiden may give him one of another sort—'tis of cotton—cotton cultivated by the wolly headed Ethiop of the "Sunny South." His feet were covered with shoes wrought by the smutty nosed snob, from the tough hide of the male cow!

#### CHAPTER V.

##### The meeting of the Maiden and her Lover.

As Lemuel advanced through the lane, driving before him the meek eyed cows, towards the domicile of his venerable parental ancestors—suddenly as he approaches the old house—his open, scowling brow relaxes—for he sees the maiden with round, flat breast and the little beating gizzard! Ha! he smiles, he laughs, ha ha ho ho ho! The maiden sitting on the door steps hears his merry voice, and an answering laugh is heard—te he te he te he he e e e! and then both are in one merry—te he—ha ho—te ho—ha he—te he ha!

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### The Lover's Quarrel.

As suddenly as the brow of the youth in the ancient palm leaf hat relaxed, so suddenly had it now turned back, and scowling as ink, and scowling maliciously. His blue eyes snap like a brittle pipe stem snapped by the hand of Hercules! The maiden with the flaxen hair and freckled shoulders shrinks back in alarm. Ha the youth in tow trousers speaks. What says he?—listen.

"I wonder what in thunder that confounded Jim Sparks wants with my Jemina! I've heard of his bein' up once or twice afore; and if I know of his bein' up here again, I'll know the reason on't." Thus speaks, through his set teeth, the youth with the old straw hat. And now he passes the maiden with the beautiful pug nose, with whom but a few short moments before, he had joined in mirth—passes her sternly and modestly. Well may the maiden with the little grey eyes shrink back in alarm for she awakened the wrath of one who knows no such word as forgive.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### Sparks, the Deceiver.

Slight and dapper is the form of

James Sparks, the deceiver. His pedalic organs are covered with black and shining leather—black as the face of an Ethiopian when the baleful day star rages. His shanks are small and spindled. His linen bosom is white—and white and stiff is his high, tall dicky—ha, but one inch higher and it would have cut off his ears! His habiliments are of the most gorgeous pattern, and cut in the latest style—cut by Bragg and Cabbage.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### Sweet Converse and Bitter Reflections.

Sparks, the deceiver, salutes the maiden and speaks with a smile of easy self-assurance. Ha, listen. "Good evening Miss Jenkin. How d'y'e do? Fine evening." The maiden answers, but with a faint troubled smile. "Good evenin' Mister Sparks—beautiful weather—rather warm for this time of the year."

And they had sweet converse till the old folks had retired, and the new moon had sunk in the western horizon. Maiden beware. The lover—the dandy lover with all the tall, stiff dicky, speak eth like a "gay deceiver"—like "one of" the "gay deceivers." What are the maiden's thoughts, when Sparks, the spindle-shanks, had gone! 'Twas growing late, the clock had just struck ten, and the candle had nearly burnt out. The maiden with the flashing grey eyes sighs, thrice—thrice she sighs deeply. Ha, she speaks. What says the maiden with the freckled shoulders. "I kinder like that air Jim Sparks! He's jest about the agreeablest feller I know on; but Lem Pettingale's dad is worth a handsome property, and I suppose Lem will have some on't. I don no hardly which to hev. But my candle's most gone, I must go to bed. I'll make up my mind to-morrow or next day."

But what thinks the lover of the open scowling brow and the tow trousers? Ha, his thoughts are of Jemina and revenge. Dreadful and atrocious will be his revenge. CHAPTER IX. Lemuel making his Toilet. Meditates Revenge. 'Tis on the Sabbath, when old and young wended their way to the church—the church with the tall spire and glittering weather-cock, pointing windward. The old to sleep and nod, and wake up, the young to stare and laugh. At the hour when the heavy kettled bell, that hung in the tower of the church—when the glittering weather-cock was pointing windward—was sounding its first peals to rouse the sleepy church goers. Lemuel, his mind full of evil thoughts! attired himself in his best Sunday go to meeting fix ups. Not in the tow trousers and tattered hat. Now, his sturdy nether limbs are decked in pepper and salt—pepper and salt woven by his ancient granny. His hat, the tall bell muzzle, beaten by many a storm. A false bosom of pure, white linen protects his noble breast—his stout neck encased in a sharp pointed dicky. But his hair—ha, his hair—there's the rub. It had been rubbed, with a candle, till it shone like the glittering weather-cock pointing windward. Thus attired and with these thoughts rankling in his bosom, Lemuel bent his footsteps towards a small brown cottage.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### The small brown Cottage and its pretty inmate.

A small brown cottage standing behind a huge elm tree. Bully Lemuel strode up to the mouldering door sill, and then, ha, his courage had well nigh "gin out," but rousing himself, he faintly applied the knuckles of his brawny fist to the pannel of the yellow painted door. Hark all is still within. Lemuel's spunk is fast oozing. Again he aroused himself, add again he knocks; bolder this time and louder. Ha, there is a footstep within. The door suddenly opens on its creaking hinges, and a female form appears. Lemuel speaks. "Is Miss Brown—oh, ah, Miss Brown, I come to see if you wouldnt like to go to meetin' with me this forenoon." 'Tis Betsy Brown, the dark skinned maiden. Short and thick in her form,

and her eyes, ah, they are black and roguish. Full well she knows that Lemuel courts the maiden with the flashing grey eyes. And now she triumphs. Triumphs over Lemuel and Jemina, and she consents.

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### The final Catastrophe. A bad Egg!!!

And this is Lemuel's dark, deep laid revenge. Yes he has pondered on it since he saw the spindle-shanks Sparks holding sweet converse with his false Jemina. And how feels Jemina, on seeing Lemuel in the same pow, and puking over the same hymn book with black eyed Betsy Brown? It almost maddens her, if the fearful frown on her brow speaks truth. And then a smile succeeds, as she thinks of James Sparks. But he has no broad acres nor any intention of wedding the flaxen haired maiden. And she has gone to far to retract; for ere the sun had sunk beneath the western horizon, Lemuel was betrothed to the dark skinned maiden of the little brown cottage. And ere one week had passed, they were wedded. Jemina's dandy lover had gone back to his city haunts, and Jemina's little gizzard was nigh broken.

MORAL.—Maidens tall and short—stout and slim—Beware!!! Give not the one lover the mitten before you are sure of another, lest ye, like the flaxen haired, freckled shoulder maiden, die an old maid.

### THINGS THAT COST NOTHING.

SUNSHINE and sunset cost us nothing, all glorious as they are. Colors that are only to be seen in the heavens, and brightness beyond description are profusely spread, and we have sight to behold them, pulses to throb, hearts to beat, and minds to contemplate with wonder, thankfulness and joy. Rising and setting suns are commonplace exhibitions, when, were there only one such exhibition to be witnessed in a century multiplied millions, nay, almost half the population of the globe, would behold it with rapture.

We give money and time and labor for many things of little value, but we never give either the one or the other for the cheerful sunbeam and the grateful shower, the gray of the morning, the twilight of evening, the broad blaze of the noonday and the deep silence and darkness of the midnight hour.—The poorest of the poor have these, and they have them for nothing.

ORIGIN OF BLANKETS AND OTHER WOOLEN CLOTHS.—In the year 1335 one Thomas Blanket established a loom at Bristol, in England, for weaving woolen for beds. Others soon followed in his plan, and the cloth so made took his name. The manufacture of double thread woolen called worsted, was about this time introduced into England from Flanders. Linsey was a cloth named from the town where it was made, and being made from wool was called Linsey-woolsey. Kersey-Mere was a cloth named from the two towns in Suffolk of those respective names.

TO PRESERVE EGGS FRESH.—Collect the eggs as soon as laid, and place them upon the small end, closely packed in a common vessel, as a firkin, or cask, and let them remain unmoved in the open air, only covered to prevent being exposed to freezing. The great secret is collecting the eggs soon after they are laid, as otherwise nothing will preserve them from decay.

FLIES are great trouble to horses at this season. They will eat all the skin off the inside of their ears, and then feed upon their flesh, producing much pain and uneasiness. This evil may be prevented by rubbing upon the inside of their ears a little grease or oil occasionally.

A FEELING HUSBAND.—A gentleman was waked in the night, and told that his wife was dead. He turned round, drew the coverlet closer, pulled down his night cap, and muttered, as he went to sleep again, "Ah, how grieved I shall be in the morning!"

MONEY is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the wise man's jewel, the rich man's trouble, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.